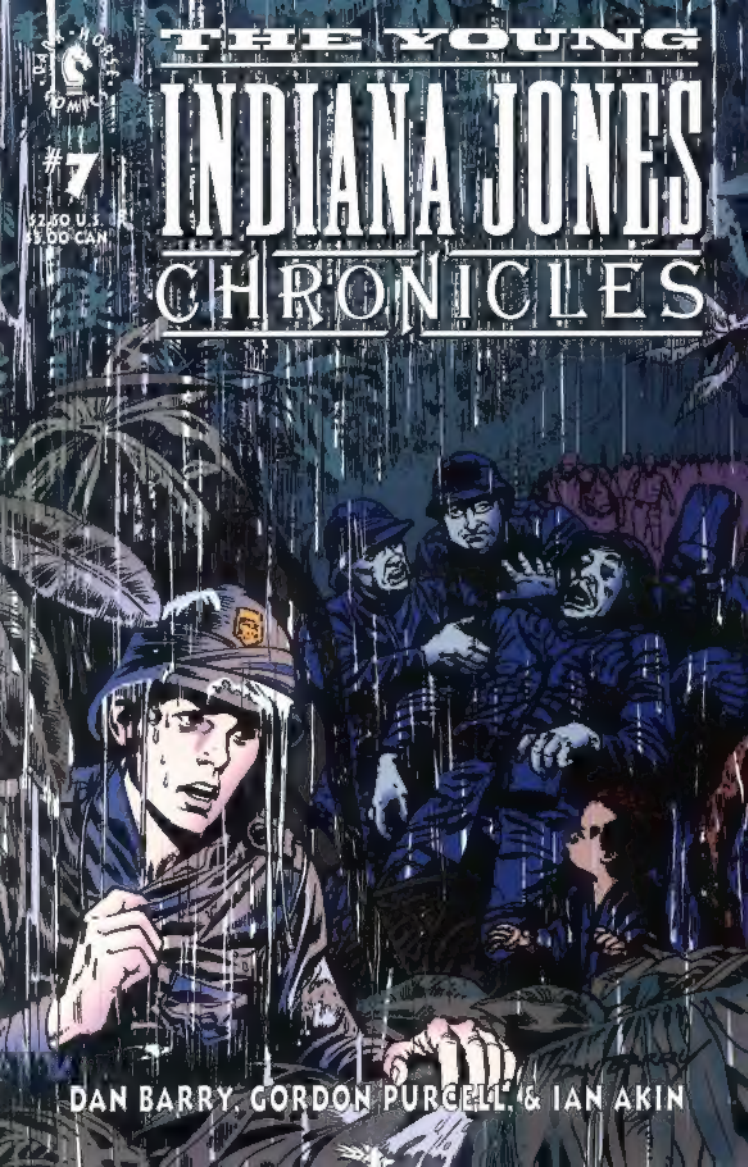
THE YOUNG
INDIANA JONES
CHRONICLES
#7
$2.50 U.S.
$3.00 CAN.
DAN BARRY, GORDON PURCELL, & IAN AKIN

THE YOUNG INDIANA JONES CHRONICLES™

GERMAN EAST AFRICA

DECEMBER 1916

Script by **Dan Barry**

Pencils by **Gordon Purcell**
Inks by **Ian Akin**

Letters by **Gail Beckett**
Colors by **Rachelle Menashe**
Edited by **Barbara Kesel**

Adapted from the teleplay by
Frank Darabont

Story by George Lucas

This is a work of fiction. While young Indiana Jones is portrayed as taking part in historical events and meeting real figures from history, many of the characters in the book as well as the situations and scenes described are inventions of the author's imagination. In addition, where real historical figures and events are described, the author has, in some cases, altered the chronology and historical facts for dramatic effect.

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PRINTED IN CANADA.

R-EE-E R-EE-EUHHH
OKAY, LET'S GO, LET'S GO!
POOR KID! CAUGHT A STRAY BULLET. HEART STOPPED TWICE ON THE WAY OVER!
TERRIBLE... JUST TERRIBLE... POOR LITTLE GIRL...
YEAH... THOSE LOUSY GANGS!
HAPPENS ALL THE TIME, THOUGH. GIVE 'EM WELFARE, NEXT THING YOU KNOW, THEY'RE DOIN' DRUGS, BLOWIN' EACH OTHER AWAY. GIRL LIKE THAT GROWS UP, WHAT'S SHE EVER GONNA AMOUNT TO? NUTHIN'!
SEE HERE... "MIKE?" IS IT? THAT GIRL COULD GROW UP TO BE PRESIDENT —OR FIND A CURE FOR CANCER!
HEY— WHATEVER YOU SAY, OLD-TIMER.

LISTEN TO ME, THERE'S NO TELLING HOW PEOPLE WILL TURN OUT ...WHAT THEY'LL CONTRIBUTE. BELIEVE ME, I KNOW...
I REMEMBER BACK... IT WAS DURING THE FIRST WORLD WAR. ME AND MY BUDDY PAL REMY, WE WERE FIGHTING THE GERMANS IN AFRICA.
WE'D VOLUNTEERED FOR CONGO DUTY—THOUGHT ANYTHING'D BE BETTER THAN THE TRENCHES OF EUROPE!
WELL, THEY MADE US LIEUTENANTS RIGHT OFF! AND SO, THERE I WAS— ALL OF 17, COMMANDING A PLATOON OF NATIVE ASKARIS...
EHDAAA-AA!!
...LEADING A CHARGE AGAINST A GERMAN STRONGHOLD!

MASCHINENGEWEHR — FEUER!
KSHOOK
BRR-RATATATATATATATATATATATA
TATATATATATATATATATA
FALL BACK! FALL BACK!
GOD HELP US — A MACHINEGUN!
LIEUTENANT! FALL BACK!
ptum
ptum
ptum
TA..TA
CLIK-CLIKK
(JAMMED..!)
(ON YOUR FEET! CHARGE!)*
*(SWAHILI)

PWWIII

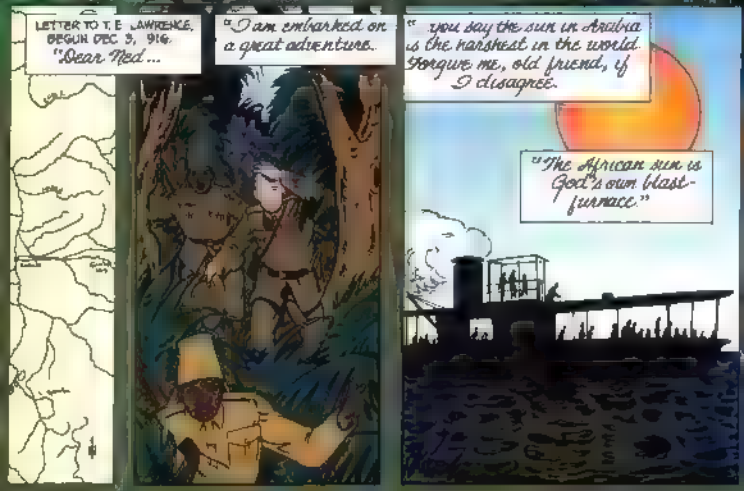
MON DIEU! HE'S RETREATING IN THE WRONG DIRECTION!
WELL, WHAT CAN I DO? CAW-AA-RGE!
JU-JU!! POWERFUL!
JU-JU!
RETREAT, LIEUTENANT! I SAID RETREAT!
ENDAAAAA!!
BLAM
KCHOW
KCHOW
INDY! THE MAUSER...!
IT'S UNJAMMED!
BRATA

HIII-YAAA!!
VERTEUFEL!
AAACH KH H HH...
WE WON THE DAY—AND WITH IT, A GORGEOUS, DEADLY MAUSER '08.
MUNGU-KIDOGO
MUNGU-KIDOGO
MUNGU-KIDOGO
?!
MUNGU-KIDOGO
MUNGU
KIDOGO

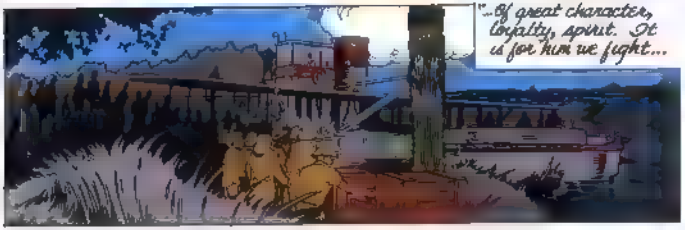
YOU HEARD MY ORDER TO FALL BACK—YET YOU CHOSE TO DISOBEY!
THE MACHINEGUN JAMMED! I SAW AN OPPORTUNITY TO ADVANCE!
IN DEFIANCE OF A SUPERIOR OFFICER!
MAJOR BOUCHER, TODAY'S ACTION BROKE THE BACK OF GERMAN DEFENSES IN THIS SECTOR. GENERAL TOMBEUR HAS AWARDED US A COMPANY CITATION...
...AND OUR YOUNG LIEUTENANT, A PROMOTION. CONGRATULATIONS CAPTAIN DEPENSE.
TH-THANK YOU, SIR.
HERE IS THE REAL PRIZE. MONTHS AGO, WE WERE PROMISED A SHIPMENT OF THESE. THEY HAD GONE LOST... UNTIL NOW! THE SUPPLY SHIP NEVER GOT 'ROUND THE HORN TO CHINDE HERE ON THE EAST COAST. WE'VE JUST LEARNED IT RAN AGROUND AT CAPE LOPEZ...
AFRICA
...OVER ON THE OTHER COAST! OUR WEAPONS ...MACHINEGUNS, MORTARS, HOWITZERS... ARE GATHERING DUST AT A FRENCH GARRISON.
WHAT WE COULD DO WITH THOSE—!
♪♫♪ WHEEW
EXACTLY. THAT'S WHY YOU MEN ARE BEING SENT TO CAPE LOPEZ—TO BRING BACK THOSE GUNS!!

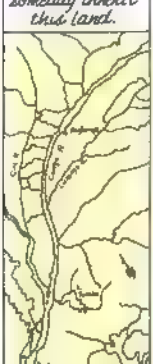
THE FRENCH CAN'T SPARE THE TRANSPORT, THE BRITISH...WELL, WE CAN'T TRUST THEM. IT'S ENTIRELY UP TO YOU, GENTLEMEN. QUESTIONS?
VERY WELL. DISMISSED.
CLEAR ACROSS THE CONGO?
...HARDLY IDEAL! MERCILESS TERRAIN. HIGH CASUALTIES FOR CERTAIN. IS THERE NO OTHER WAY?
WITH ALL RESPECT, SIR, I DOUBT MAJOR BOUCHER IS PLEASED TO HAVE ME ALONG.
THE MAJOR IS USED TO MAKING HARD DECISIONS. YOU'D DO WELL TO LEARN FROM HIM.
HE, IN TURN, NEEDS YOUR ENERGY AND TALENT. I TRUST MY FAITH IN YOU IS NOT MISPLACED!
N-NO, SIR!!
MUNGU-KIDOGO...
WHAT DOES IT MEAN?
BARTHELEMY? "LITTLE GOD"...?
YES, INDY. ASKARI SEE YOU DIE, COME BACK TO LIFE! SPIT OUT BULLET... PTOO... WITH MUCH CONTEMPT. LEAD ASKARI TO VICTORY. BIG MAGIC!
NO, NOT MAGIC. THE BULLET HIT MY LOCKET. SEE?
SUCH A SMALL TARGET? OHO! YOUR JU-JU VERY POWERFUL. MUNGU-KIDOGO! LITTLE GOD — WHO CANNOT DIE!!
TSSK. FIRST CAPTAIN... NOW GOD! YOU AMAZE ME!

AND SO WE WERE OFF...
...ON A TORTUOUS TREK ACROSS A CONTINENT
MAJOR BOUCHER MADE HIS FEELINGS CRYSTAL CLEAR TO ME.
CONGRATULATIONS, CAPTAIN! OH, NEARLY GETTING US ALL KILLED! NEXT TIME YOU DISOBEY ME, I'LL... SKIN YOU ALIVE AND FEED YOU TO THE HYENAS. CLEAR?


LETTER TO T. E. LAWRENCE, BEGUN DEC. 3, 916.
"Dear Ned...
"I am embarked on a great adventure.
"...you say the sun in Arabia is the harshest in the world. Forgive me, old friend, if I disagree.
"The African sun is God's own blast-furnace."

"Our cause in Africa is much like what you've described of Arabia. My men speak of nationhood.
"That will never happen under German rule. After the bloodshed, with our guidance, perhaps things will change. My Sgt. Barthelemy personifies all that is good about this country...


"...Of great character, loyalty, spirit. It is for him we fight...


"...That his children may someday inherit this land.

"It's said we're less to fear from enemy bullets than from the diseases and parasites that plague this land.

"Death is everywhere...in the air, the food, the water. It crawls in the very dirt beneath our feet!"

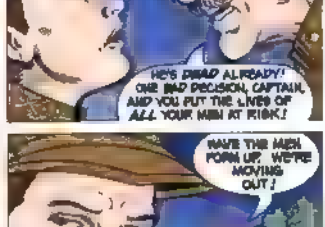
USANGI VILLAGE... ODD. THEY USUALLY POUR OUT TO GAWK AT US... NOT A SOUL!
GERMANS...?
NOT THIS FAR WEST. STILL— CAREFUL....
BON DIEU! WHAT'S THAT AWFUL SMELL?
THIS IS A BAD PLACE, CAPT'N. VERY BAD.
...RD...

ZZZZ
GOD HELP US --
MAJOR! OVER HERE!
WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED HERE, LAFLEUR?
SHA...FOX, FROM THE LOOK OF IT!
POOR LI'L FELLA...
LOOK, WE TAKIN' CARE OF OLD MAN, GRANDFATHER, MAYBE...

POOR T'ING. COME, LITTLE FELLA... HERE
DON'T TOUCH THAT CHILD!

MAJOR—IF WE CAN'T TOUCH CHIL', HOW WE TAKE HIM FROM DIS BAD PLACE?
WE DON'T, SERGEANT!
BUT, SIR...

...WE CAN'T JUST LEAVE HIM HERE TO DIE!
HE'S DEAD ALREADY! ONE BAD DECISION, CAPTAIN, AND YOU PUT THE LIVES OF ALL YOUR MEN AT RISK!


HAVE THE MEN FORM UP. WE'RE MOVING OUT!

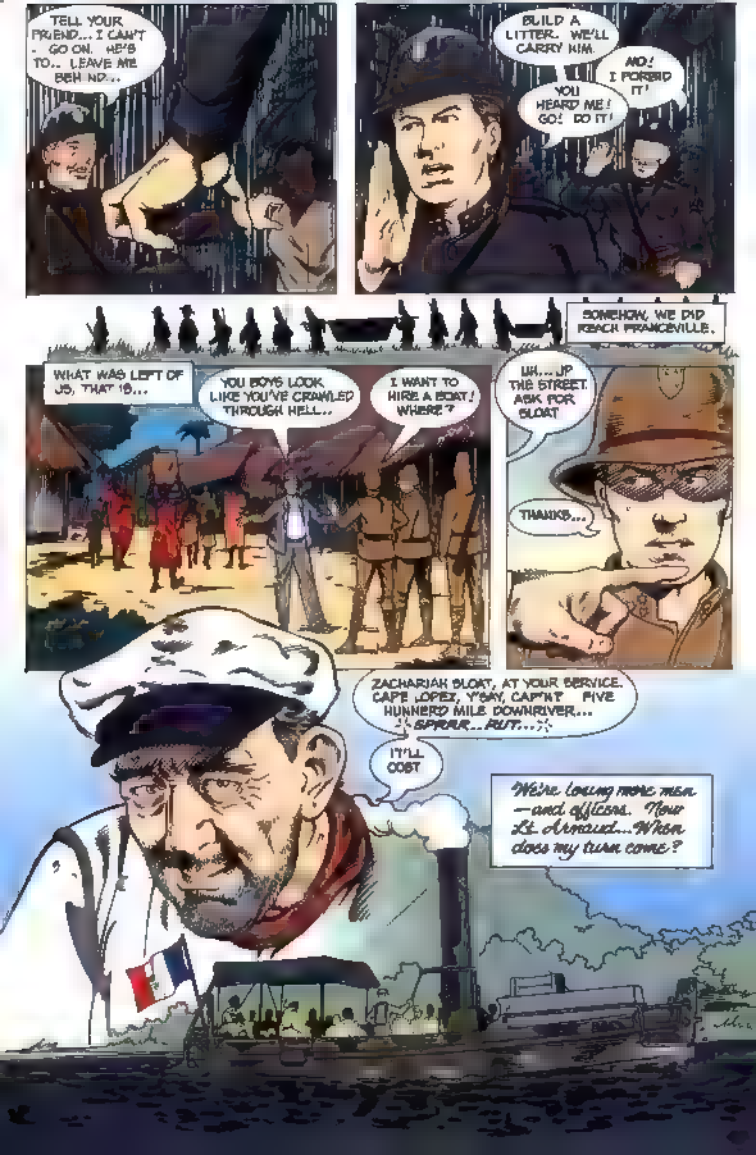
YOU LEAVE BOY BEHIN' CAP'N INDY?
I M NOT IN COMMAND.
BARTHELEMY T'INK YOU WOULD NOT LEAVE CHIL' BEHIN'... IF DIS WAS A WHITE CHIL'
zzzz

ISSUE MINIMAL RATIONS TO THE SICK. PERHAPS THEY CAN MAKE IT BACK TO BONGA.
FIRST A CHILD, NOW THESE MEN. WHO'S NEXT, MAJOR?
LISTEN-- THE 2ND RHODESIANS LOST 36 MEN IN BATTLE THIS YEAR--AND 10,000 TO DISEASE! IT'S THAT KIND OF WAR, CAPTAIN.
"THAT KIND OF WAR" THE POWER OF LIFE AND DEATH IN THE HANDS OF MORTAL OFFICERS.
I WAS HATING IT MORE EACH MINUTE.
"BUT IT WAS TO GET WORSE."
INDY-- THIS WAY. COME, BEE...
BARTHELEMY! YOU BROUGHT THE KID. HOW..? WHERE..?
DIS BEARERS, AT DE REAR. DEY CARRY HIM WHAT YOU PO TO ME NOW, CAP'N?
THINK, SERGEANT. HOW COULD YOU PUT ME IN THIS POSITION? HE COULD BE CARRYING THE DISEASE! THERE'S NO WAY I'M DOING THIS!
BOUCHER'D BETTER HEAR IT FROM ME FIRST.
WELL? DID YOU? DID YOU TURN IN THE DUMB JERK?
I TOLD BOUCHER ABOUT THE CHILD... WHEN I SAW HIS RAGE, I COVERED FOR BARTHELEMY. UH, I LIED. THAT IS. SAID IT WAS MY RESPONSIBILITY.
BUT, CAP'N, DIS LITTLE BOY IS HEALTHY. LOOK...
THEY DIDN'T SHOOT HIM?
MIKE, WE'VE GOT A LONG WAIT. LET ME TELL IT, HUH?

WELL...?
IT'S OKAY NOW — BUT THE CHILD CAN'T COME WITH US. FOR THE GOOD OF THE MEN.
BEST FOR ME?, MAJOR BOUCHER. NOT ME. I ONLY CARE WHAT BEST FOR HIS PEOPLE
NO! WE'RE HERE TO PROTECT YOUR FUTURE — TO KICK THE GERMANS OUT...!
CAP'N INDY, YOU GOOD, KIND MAN — NOT SMART MAN. GERMAN, BELGE, FRENCH ... WHAT DIFFERENCE? DIS WAR OVER, YOU GO HOME? LEAVE AFRICA TO MY PEOPLE?
BELGHAN CAMP, TOOK ME, TOOK ALL YOUNG MEN. ALL BE WHITE MAN'S SOLDIER. MY FAMILY HUNGRY... I AM HERE, FIGHT YOUR WAR. WAR OVER, AFRICA NOT BELONG MY PEOPLE. YOU NOT MY FUTURE, CAP'N...
MON DIEU, HE'S A SEPARATIST!
HERE, CAP'N — HERE IS MY PEOPLE FUTURE. IF HE GROW STRONG, HE GROW WISE, HE MAKE OUR FUTURE NOT BE WHITE MAN'S SOLDIER NO MORE!
YOU SAVVY ME, CAP'N?
"If this is a white man's war for possession of black man's soil — what am I doing here, Ted?"

TEN' SHUN! LEFT FACE!
BARTHELEMY NO-O-O...
WAS I NOT CLEAR LAST NIGHT, CAPTAIN?! ALL EYES FRONT!
HAND OVER THAT BOY, SERGEANT!
SUH, DIS BOY NOT SICK!
THIS IS NOT A REQUEST, SERGEANT.
I WILL BE OBEYED! CAPTAIN, DRAW YOUR SIDEARM. TAKE AIM AT THE SERGEANT!
BUT, SIR...
YOU, TOO, CAPTAIN! YOU'LL BE UP ON CHARGES...
SERGEANT — STEP FORWARD!
NOT YOU, PRIVATE GET BACK IN LINE!
I SAID... BACK IN LINE!
YOU THINK I WON'T SHOOT YOU, ALL? I WILL! I WILL!
CLICK

SIR, YOU ARE BEING IRRATIONAL... PUTTING OUR MISSION AT RISK.'
THIS IS MUTINY, CAPTAIN!
I DISAGREE. DROP YOUR WEAPON, MAJOR. THIS IS NOT A REQUEST
CLUK
I'LL HAVE YOU, BEFORE A FIRING SQUAD. ALL OF YOU.
YES, SIR. SHALL WE MOVE OUT NOW?
...I'm just losing hope of ever reaching Cape Lopez...
As we cross this country, we leave a trail of corpses in our wake, our medical officer La Fleur among them....


TELL YOUR FRIEND... I CAN'T - GO ON. HE'S TO.. LEAVE ME BEH ND...
BUILD A LITTER. WE'LL CARRY HIM.
NO! I FORBID IT!
YOU HEARD ME! GO! DO IT!
SOMEHOW, WE DID REACH FRANCEVILLE.
WHAT WAS LEFT OF JS, THAT IS...
YOU BOYS LOOK LIKE YOU'VE CRAWLED THROUGH HELL...
I WANT TO HIRE A BOAT! WHERE?
UH... UP THE STREET. ASK FOR BLOAT
THANKS...
ZACHARIAH BLOAT, AT YOUR SERVICE. CAPE LOPEZ, Y'SAY, CAP'N? FIVE HUNNERD MILE DOWNRIVER... SPRRR... RUT...
I'LL COST
We're losing more men —and officers. Now Lt. Arnaud... When does my turn come?

YET — FOR ME — EVEN GREATER TRAGEDY LAY JUST AHEAD.
GUNFIRE! GET THAT BRAT OFF MY RUDDER AND STEER CLEAR!
PANG
OFFSHORE! TURN HER OFFSHORE...
KRAK
SEPARATIST'S! IRONICALLY, BARTHELEMY'S OWN PEOPLE!
MERCIFUL GOD! WAS WAR CREATED ONLY TO DEMONSTRATE MAN'S INESCAPABLE INSANITY?!!
INDY! WE'RE HEADING FOR SHORE! WE'LL RUN AGROUND!
THEY'LL CUT US TO PIECES!
<...BOB!... FRIEND... UP... UP!>
<...TURN THE RUDDER ...SO...LIKE I SHOW YOU...TURN...>
KUBANG!

HEEHEEE HAAAAA.. HE DID IT!
WE'RE OUT OF RIFLE RANGE! THE LITTLE GUY SAVED OUR SKINS!
POOR LITTLE GUY, DESPERATELY TENDING TO OUR FALLEN FRIEND.
WHAT ARE YOU TELLING HIM, SERGEANT? YOU KNOW I CAN'T FOLLOW JBANG!
I SAY IF I GO AWAY, HE MUST NOT BE AFRAID. HE MUST GROW STRONG AND WISE.
SERGEANT. YOU ARE NOT GIVEN LEAVE TO DIE! THAT'S AN ORDER. I EXPECT YOU TO OBEY — FOR A CHANGE!
WHAT IS THAT PLACE?
A HOSPITAL, I HEAR TELL. RUN BY SOME BLOODY GERMAN
MAJOR — YOU HEAR THAT? SLOAT. DOCK THE BOAT. WE'LL DROP THE BACK MEN HERE!
REMAIN ON COURSE, MR. SLOAT! I'LL NOT HAND OVER A SINGLE MAN TO THE WRETCHED BOCHE!
BUT, SIR, IT'S A HOSPITAL!
A GERMAN HOSPITAL! WITH TORTURE, THEY'LL LEARN OF THOSE GUNS. BETTER WE ALL DIE THAN LET THOSE GUNS FALL INTO THEIR FILTHY HANDS!

TO HELL WITH THE GERMANS AND YOU, MAJOR! SLOAT! HEAD FOR THE DOCK!
CAP'N INDY... THE MAJOR IS RIGHT . . YOU ARE BEING...
...IRRATIONAL...
HA-HEE-IT — EAT, YA FAT DEVILS! PLENTY MORE WHERE THAT CAME FROM. EE-HEEHA!
THE CROCODILES HAD BEEN FOLLOWING US FOR DAYS, AS THOUGH THEY KNEW...
PORT GENTIL! THE FRENCH GARRISON! SOMEHOW, WE'D MADE IT!
MAJOR ...LOOK! MAJOR...?

..:: BOAT ::..THE BOAT... CHARGES. MUST BRING CHARGES... ::: NO! :::NO...EXPLOSIVE CHARGES. WIRE THE BOAT-::...CAN'T LET THE GUNS FALL...INTO GERMAN... HANDS...::
MAJOR...
IT'S UP TO YOU, NOW. GET THE G-G-GUNS THROUGH!
I WON'T LET YOU DOWN, SIR!
OF COURSE YOU WILL... YOU'RE SOFT. UNDISCIPLINED... ...NOT FFFFIT.. ::: ARGH!::
::...GHHHHHH...::
MEDICAL CARE AT LAST! IF SOMEWHAT LATE. ONLY A HANDFUL OF OUR ASKARI REMAINED
< FRIEND! FRIEND! >
THE WARDS SPILLED OUT INTO THE COURTYARD. THE SICK AND DYING CHOKED THE ROADS. THE BLACK VEIL OF PESTILENCE SEEMED TO HAVE COVERED ALL OF AFRICA.

BARTHELEMY... SERGEANT, WAKE UP! YOU HAVE A VISITOR!
..BARTHELEMY—?
I'M SORRY.
<NO... WAAAAH... NO! DON'T GO AWAY... !:*:BOB:*:>
PLEASE, YOU'LL HAVE TO LEAVE NOW.
SHHH. HE'S GONE.
<MY FRIEND...:*:BOB:*:... DON'T LEAVE ME!:*:>
HE'S A UBANGI CHILD.
YOU SPEAK UBANGI?
YES.
TELL HIM HE MUST NEVER FORGET WHAT HIS FRIEND SAID: "DON'T BE AFRAID! GROW STRONG AND WISE. MAKE YOUR PEOPLE PROUD." PLEASE TELL HIM, SISTER.
POOR LITTLE THING. DOES HE HAVE A NAME?
BARTHELEMY. HIS NAME IS BARTHELEMY!

WE [redacted] BARTHELEMY WITH THE NUNS. WHEN HE WAS OLD ENOUGH, I WROTE TO HIM
...ABOUT MY BERGDAHT AND ABOUT HIS DREAMS FOR THE FUTURE OF AFRICA.
SO?
HOW DO YOU MEAN..."SO"?
THE POINT, OLD GUY! YOU TELL ME THIS WHOLE LONG TEAR-JERKER — THERE'S GOT TO BE A POINT!
WELL, THE MISSIONARIES RAISED HIM. HE GOT AN EDUCATION. [redacted] FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE CENTRAL AFRICAN REPUBLIC.
GEORGE WASHINGTON, THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY!
LIKE OUR
YES, HE MADE HIS PEOPLE PROUD... EVEN COMPOSED THEIR NATIONAL ANTHEM, DESIGNED THEIR FLAG! BARTHELEMY BOGANDA — LOOK HIM UP IN THE HISTORY BOOKS.
WHAT CHANCE DOES A A KID HAVE GROWING UP IN AN UGLY WORLD?
YOU NEVER KNOW, MIKEY BOY. YOU JUST NEVER KNOW!

THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY

BY KURT BUSIEK

All right. So the kid grows up to be Barthelemy Boganda, the first president of the Central African Republic, right? But how? How does he get from here to there? I'm glad you asked that question — 'cause I'm about to answer it. Listen close...

• • •

The world Barthelemy Boganda was born into was not a pleasant one — not if you were black. The Industrial Revolution had recently swept through Europe, creating the need for new resources and new markets to exploit at the same time it was providing the technology to reach formerly remote areas. One of those remote areas was central Africa, and the great powers of Europe — Belgium, France, Germany, and Great Britain — had spent the last quarter of the 19th century squabbling over how to divide it up. It was France that ended up in "possession" of the region known as Ubangi-Shari (which would ultimately become the Central African Republic), though diplomatic recognition of their new colony's borders was only half the battle — the tribes of central Africa had, understandably, rebelled against European rulership, and France spent decades mounting military expeditions to crush the resistance.

In order to make sure their new colony showed a profit, the French leased huge areas to private companies to exploit it as they saw fit. Thanks to the sweeping power of their leases, along with minimal contact with governmental authorities, the concessionaires had almost dictatorial power. And they used it — conscripting native Africans to work under slave conditions, seizing whatever land they chose for their plantations, and dealing out whatever "punishments" they felt necessary. Famine and disease came along in their wake, further decimating the native population and making life even more unpleasant for those who survived.

This was the world Barthelemy Boganda was born into, on April 4, 1910, near the town of Bobangui. The son of a peasant family, Boganda got to experience the privations and abuses of the concessionaire system, and the willingness of the French to keep the natives in line by force. Luckily, in the 1920s, the French began to correct some of the abuse. Forced labor was still prevalent, but the creation of a good network of roads and the export of cotton, gold, and silver had done a lot to bring in money and ease early hardships. Health clinics, along with traveling medical personnel to cover remote areas, were created to combat sleeping sickness and other diseases among the native populations, and Roman Catholic and Protestant missionaries built schools and medical clinics. These new schools afforded new opportunities for black Africans, and Boganda took advantage of them. Educated at Roman Catholic seminaries in Brazzaville, Yaounde, and Kisantu, he became the first African in Ubangi-Shari to be ordained a Roman Catholic priest, in 1938.

World War II brought sweeping changes for the colony. On the one hand, the way Africans saw themselves shifted during the war. Many Africans had traveled to Europe to fight, and their time away from their homeland gave them a sense of themselves as a nation, not merely a collection of tribes. And on the other hand, they were suddenly given a way to express that new national identity. Charles de Gaulle, conscious of the debt France owed its overseas possessions for their part in defeating Hitler, created the French Union, a reorganization of France's colonial system that gave both colonists and natives a greater voice in their government. By 1946, Ubangi-Shari's position in the French empire had changed. It was no longer a colony, but an "overseas territory" — which meant that Ubangi-Shari would not only have her own local assembly, but representatives of Ubangi-Shari, both white colonists and native Africans, would sit on the French National Assembly. And one of those new representatives was Barthelemy Boganda.

Boganda had been urged to run for the position of deputy by his superior in the church, Bishop Grandin of Bangui, and ran with the not-inconsiderable sponsorship of the Catholic Church. But though the Church's sponsorship — and Boganda's eight years as a well-liked priest — helped him win out over a colonial-administration-backed candidate, it became clear very early

on in his political career that he was a representative of his people, not the Church. He went to Paris, where he saw how white Europeans treated other white Europeans at home, and realized just how unfairly his people were treated as French subjects. He swiftly emerged as a strong voice against racism, arguing for equal rights for the people of Ubangi-Shari as citizens of France. In this role, he denounced both the colonial administration and the missions whenever he felt they were opposing his people's path to freedom and equality (which was most of the time).

As his career progressed, Boganda developed into a consummate politician, able to take the high road or the low as he felt the need. For instance, when the administration party attempted to discredit him by labeling him a communist (despite the fact that at the time he was a member of the *Mouvement Republicaine Populaire*, the Catholic-dominated party), he simply ignored the attacks, preferring to decry the abuses of the colonial system rather than his political opponents. He steadfastly maintained that the problem of racial oppression was not one of black versus white, which implies that there can be no solution but separatism, but one of law and fairness and respect. He wanted to see the colonial system, which he castigated as evil, replaced by the more universal values he saw in the best of Western civilization. But at the same time as he took this idealistic, above-the-fray stance, he made numerous extra-political private "deals" with both the administration and European businessmen, assisting them in return for help in gaining his own ends.

His one major attempt to cause social change outside the political arena was, characteristically, a mix of the idealistic and the pragmatic. In 1948, he founded Soucoulole (the *Societe Cooperative de la Lobaye-Lesse*), a business organization of local producers and consumers that he hoped would give his constituents the clout to break free of poverty and make a position for themselves in the business hierarchy. But poor management, as well as opposition from the major commercial enterprises, who didn't want their customers becoming competitors, resulted in the failure of Soucoulole as an effective organization within a year (though it did continue to exist for some years thereafter), and Boganda decided to stick to the political arena henceforth.

On September 28, 1949, he founded MESAN (*Mouvement pour l'Evolution Sociale de l'Afrique Noire*), his own political party. The formation of MESAN, and his marriage a year later to Michelle Jourdain, a French parliamentary secretary, resulted in a complete break with the Catholic Church and the priesthood, and triggered an extremely hostile reaction from the territorial administration and much of Ubangi-Shari's white population, disturbed at the thought of a black-dominated political party.

The territorial administration tried to intimidate Boganda into disbanding MESAN, but Boganda only stepped up his outspoken criticism of the colonial system and its abuses, until finally, in 1951, the administration tried to silence him directly. Members of the still-active Soucoulole were engaged in a dispute with Portuguese traders in the village of Bohanga, and Boganda went to aid them. The authorities took advantage of the tempestuous situation and Boganda's fiery rhetoric, and arrested him for "endangering the peace." As it turned out, that was a serious mistake. Had the administration left Boganda alone, they might have been able to muster the support to beat him in the next election and remove him from office, especially given that he'd alienated the party that helped him win before, along with the white segment of the population. But jailing him made him a martyr, and a local hero for the Ubangis. MESAN grew in popularity and Boganda was swept back into office, stronger than ever.

From that point on, Boganda was unassailable. The French realized that he was emerging as one of the major nationalist leaders of Africa, and could not be easily dismissed. In addition, supporting Boganda's position was the fact that the French were facing organized, determined resistance all over their world-spanning empire. Boganda may have only been one man, but men like him were appearing in all of France's overseas possessions, and they all wanted the same thing: freedom. One or two of them could have been ignored or suppressed, but France was vastly outnumbered by the natives of her subject territories, and couldn't hope to hold them all if they refused to stay held. Rather than face outright revolution, as they did in the area of French Indochina now known as Vietnam, the French began the long process of decolonization, granting their overseas territories greater measures of freedom and self-determination.

Over the next two years, Boganda used his skill at deal-making to cement solid relations with the private sector, and managed to defuse the antagonism between his supporters in MESAN and both the territorial official and the European business community. In fact, his position as a deal-maker led the French, in 1953, to appoint a new territorial governor with an eye toward preserving smooth relations with Boganda and MESAN. But though Boganda was considered an influential figure in France, and the major power in his own region, he had yet to spread his support and influence through the entire territory.

The problem he faced was one of cultural fragmentation. Despite the shift toward a sense of national identity since World War II, much of Ubangi-Shari was still divided, resenting and mis-trusting those in other tribes as much as they did those in other nations. As far back as the 16th century, when slave traders preyed on the tribes of central Africa for profit, there had been enmities among the tribes. The tribes that lived along the Ubangi river, which was the major avenue of transportation, communication, and commerce, had chosen to protect themselves from the European raiders by turning to slave-trading themselves, preying on the nearby Baya and Mandjia tribes to provide "outsiders" to the Europeans as slaves. And over the centuries, the major towns of the area grew up along the river, and social and business opportunities went with the towns, so as the region became a colony and the colony became a territory, the elite of the non-white power structure tended to come from the cities, and thus from the river tribes. People of the other tribes still tended to resent those of the river tribes for their favored position — and that included Boganda.

It wasn't until April of 1954 that Boganda was able to win the support of the territory as a whole. In the town of Berberati, populated mostly by Baya tribesmen, riots broke out after a domestic servant and his wife died while working for a French official known for his racism. The territorial governor and the white police force were unable to restore order. The administrative head of the region had been pelted with stones, and a passing French businessman was killed. The governor called in Boganda, who, though he had no popular following in the area, managed to persuade an outraged throng of Baya people to disperse without violence. With that impassioned speech, Boganda became a national figure, seen as the focus of black efforts for freedom and as the spokesman of all the tribes of Ubangi-Shari. Boganda received 84.7 percent of the vote in the 1956 election. He also ran for, and was elected, mayor of Bangui, the territorial capitol, that year, in spite of strong opposition from the white colonists.

It should perhaps be noted here that history is written by the winners, and Boganda was no more a saint than the political giants of U.S. history. Throughout his rise to power, Boganda was often accused of treating the workers on his own plantations just as much like slaves as white landowners did, and there were reports of him claiming to have personally performed a miracle when a solar eclipse occurred, and of him fostering the impression that he was an immortal with supernatural powers. Though some of these stories may be the work of his political enemies, it's clear at least that Boganda was a hugely ambitious man who enjoyed power for its own sake — and while his people benefited immensely from his political career, so did he. Still, speculating on his motives is unproductive. The fact remains that during a turbulent, often violent time in African history, Boganda kept peace among the tribes of Ubangi-Shari — and where the colonial administration had to resort to forced labor to build roads and other public works, under Boganda the people gladly participated in ambitious land-reclamation projects that aided the territory's economy and benefited its people.

As Boganda's popularity grew, so did his opportunities. Earlier in 1956, the French had instituted a new system called the *loi-cadre*, which granted a greater level of self-government to France's African territories. Ubangi-Shari became semi-autonomous, and Boganda, thanks to his landslide political victories, became its major spokesman. In addition, the *loi-cadre* had been extended to all of French Equatorial Africa (which included Chad, Gabon, and the Congo in addition to Ubangi-Shari), and in the following year, Boganda and MESAN extended their influence through the other three territories as well. MESAN won a majority in the Territorial Assembly, and Boganda became President of the Grand Council of French Equatorial Africa.

Though he was under pressure from the emergent black communities to strip the white colonists of all power and position, Boganda formed a broadly-based

government that included representation for all of French Equatorial Africa's people — including white Europeans. Like much of what Boganda did, this is open to interpretation. His supporters point to it as an example of his commitment to equality for all, black or white, and his detractors claim it was the result of under-the-table deals, that he promised European businessmen a voice on the Council in return for monetary and political support. Either way, it kept the territories' economy functioning during a potentially troublesome transitional period.

The shift from mayor of a town and deputy in a large and populous governing body to president of four allied territories didn't go as smoothly as Boganda would have liked. It had all come about so quickly that he didn't know what to do — he had a lot of ideas, but wasn't sure how to fit them together and implement them. So in the first few months of his presidency, when political divisiveness and mismanaged development schemes threw the eastern part of Ubangi-Shari into crisis, he spent a month touring the most disaffected parts of the territory. Time and time again, he had to explain his plans for Ubangi-Shari's political and economic future, and the act of repeatedly talking it out helped him to sort his ideas out and build them into a concrete plan. It was his most ambitious yet, and had it worked, it would have transformed Africa.

The problem with the *loi-cadre*, as Boganda saw it, was that it emphasized territorial governments instead of a federation, essentially splitting Africa up into lots of small countries that would face constant struggle to survive. What Boganda envisioned was a large federation, in which all the states would work together, bringing political and economic power together into a major force that could control its own destiny. His model was the United States.

He hoped to start the process by winning complete independence for the four territories of French Equatorial Africa, bringing them together as a single nation. Ultimately, he hoped to form a "United States of Latin Africa," including not only French Equatorial Africa but also what are today Zaire, Rwanda, Burundi, Angola, and Cameroon. It was certainly a grandiose idea) but it wasn't out of the question. Boganda was known throughout Africa as a strong leader and a man of peace — in 1958, some of the tribes of both Chad and the Congo, torn by inter-tribal violence, petitioned to be allowed to merge their land with Ubangi-Shari, in the hopes that Boganda could keep the peace for them as he had for his own people — if there was anyone who could have united Africa peacefully, he was the man.

But it didn't work. He argued for a fully-independent French Equatorial Africa, but soon realized that there was too much resistance to succeed, at least at that point. So he arranged a compromise, and won full autonomy within the French community for the African territories, carrying the reduced proposal with a staggering 98.1 percent of the vote. The next step, as he saw it, was to bring together Chad, Gabon, Ubangi-Shari, and the Congo into one nation, but there he failed again. The French business interests, the white colonists and other African political leaders banded against him, as did the French High Commissioner, all of them aware of how much extra clout Boganda would have if he succeeded. But once again, he won a compromise victory — a new constitution for the territory of Ubangi-Shari alone, that included all the basic principles of an independent, self-determining democracy, while still remaining within the French sphere of influence. In what may have indicated Boganda's hope to win over the other territories eventually, the territory was renamed the Central African Republic. And, of course, Boganda was the new republic's first president.

The final step came on August 13, 1960, when the Central African Republic was granted complete independence from France at last. Unfortunately, Boganda wasn't there to see it. He died on March 29, 1959, in a plane crash that has never been fully explained. His dream of a multi-territory federation in Africa has gone unfulfilled, but to this day he remains not only, as Indy said, the father of his country, but also one of Africa's greatest spokesmen for human rights and for freedom.

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OKAY, WHAT'S NEXT? Remember on page 20 when Indy tried to dock at the hospital run by that German guy, and he was forced to keep going? (You can go back and look if you need to; it's okay.) The German guy was Dr. Albert Schweitzer, the great humanitarian, and next issue Indy's going to see that hospital, meet Schweitzer, and find out just what a German doctor's doing in Africa. Oh yeah, and there's still a war on, just to keep things lively.